Vol. CXLV. No. 1889.

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THE BYSTANDER February 28, 1940.

The BYSTANDER

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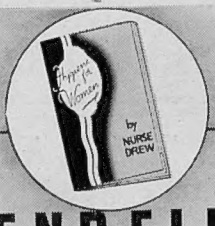

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The Bystander

Harlip

1940 Debutante—the Hon. Lydia Noel-Buxton

Lydia Noel-Buxton, who is eighteen this year, is eldest of the three daughters and fourth of the six children of Lord and Lady Noel-Buxton. She makes her first public appearance as a debutante to-morrow, Leap Year night, when she will be a Maid of Honour in the Cake Ceremony at Queen Charlotte's Birthday Dinner Dance. This ball, which in the first wartime season, replaces Courts and private dances for the debs, is in aid of Queen Charlotte's Maternity Hospital, takes place at Grosvenor House. Lady Noel-Buxton is one of its vice-presidents. Lord Noel-Buxton received his barony in 1930 when he was Minister for Agriculture in the Labour Government. He was then M.P. for Norfolk, North, the Buxton country; Lady Noel-Buxton took his place at the by-election and was Labour Member for the constituency until Oct. 1931. The Noel-Buxton homes are Upshire Bury, Essex, and 18, Cowley St., S.W.1

A Foreign Press Room at M.O.I.

Dr. Stefan Litauer, the Polish president of the Foreign Press Association, was handed a key last week by the Controller of Censorship. But no key to unlock secrets, only for the door of the new Foreign Press Association room at the Press and Censorship Bureau of the Ministry of Information. Sir John Reith benignly watched Sir Walter Monckton making this non-symbolic gesture

Finnish Athletes Arrive in New York

The great Paavo Nurmi, most famous of all famous Finnish athletes, and Taisto Maki (right), leading Finnish athlete of to-day, were welcomed to New York City by swarthy Mayor Fiorello La Guardia. They have been released from their military duties and sent to America by their country to appear in a series of exhibition races to raise money for the Finnish Relief Fund

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

By the time this appears in print it will be much too late to add my small quota to the discussion of the Altmark affair, but all the same I am going to do so. I think the following come badly out of the episode: the captain of the Norwegian gun-boat; the Norwegian Foreign Minister; the captain of the Altmark; the German Press. I think the following come well out of the episode: the prisoners, who remained so cheerful in terrible circumstances; Captain Vian, whose seamanship must have been superb; his men who took the destroyer into the fjord and who rushed the Altmark; the men of the R.A.F. who spotted the Altmark; and Mr. Churchill, who happened, by the purest chance, of course, to have a cruiser and five destroyers "conveniently disposed" to intercept the Altmark.

As for the Norwegian protests, the only decent and charitable thing to do is to treat them as mere formalities. We all know that the Scandinavian States are in a jam, and we must do the best we can to appreciate that fact. But we must also appreciate the fact that if we lose this war there won't ever be any Scandinavian States again, and that when we win the war, the Scandinavian States will be able to live in peace and security as they have in the past.

There was a brief and rather painful exchange in the House of Commons last week when Mr. George Griffiths asked "Who passes on to Haw-Haw the answers given to Questions here every day?" Sir John Reith replied, "A great many Members besides the Honourable Member would be glad to know." There is, without any doubt whatever, a growing feeling of uneasiness and dissatisfaction in all parts of the country at the way in which information reaches Germany so promptly and so accurately.

It is wholly unfair to blame the Navy for the easy trade between Germany and Rotterdam. A single glance at the map ought to be enough to show that a German trading ship can steam from Holland to any of the north German ports without going very far from land. As Mr. Churchill said the other day, the Navy cannot be expected to maintain a close patrol of the German coast, considering "the enormous development of shore-based aircraft since the last war."

Miss Ellen Wilkinson seems to me to have a first-class case in the treatment of her constituency, Jarrow. For years Miss Wilkinson (with the strong and active support of Sir John Jarvis) has been fighting for justice for Jarrow. The rationalisation of shipbuilding under the ægis of National Shipbuilding Securities, Ltd., destroyed the great Palmer's Yards, and the steel combine prevented the steel works from being built. Now there is a desperate demand for merchantships, and Sir James Lithgow has been put in command of the shipbuilding drive. Sir James Lithgow was the very man in National Shipbuilding Securities who was mainly responsible for putting the rationalisation scheme into effective operation, *i.e.*: reducing the capacity of this country to build ships. He is now officially given the job of doing the exact opposite. Miss Wilkinson thinks it odd, and so do I.

Mr. Pritt, K.C., wants to bring into action the Foreign Enlistment Act of 1870 to prevent British volunteers going to Finland. Furthermore, he wants to use the Act to prosecute volunteers going to help what he describes as "a foreign State engaged in warlike operations with a friendly State." The legal mind always has been beyond my comprehension, and so I will make no attempt to follow Mr. Pritt in his distinction between Finland and Soviet Russia when he calls in the same sentence the former a "foreign State" and the latter a "friendly State."

The Ministry of Information has done good service by publishing in its series of leaflets a page or two about the French Navy. It is true that it would have been a somewhat more graceful compliment if these pages had come at the beginning of the Ministry's notes, and had not been tucked away after four pages about timber control and four pages about Refresher Training for the Nursing Reserve. But still it is better than nothing. Far too little attention is given in this country to the work of the French Navy.

Few people realise that France possesses the two most modern battleships in the world—the Dunkerque and the Strasbourg. She has also fifty cruisers,

forty destroyers and eighty submarines. Also there are two 35,000-ton battleships, the Richelieu and the Jean Bart, which are almost ready.

THE German denunciation of the Submarine Convention is a delightful bit of irony. For many weeks the Germans have violated every single clause in this Convention which they signed. And now they issue a solemn warning that they propose henceforward to violate it. An exact parallel would be if Captain Flint and Long John Silver (the quarter-master) and Billy Bones (the mate) and Israel Hands (the gunner) and Job Anderson (the bo'sun) had officially announced after twenty years of piracy that they were going to become pirates.

A FRIEND of mine, who has just returned to the Army after an absence of eight or ten years, celebrated his first day in uniform in capital style. He was walking along Piccadilly when he met four privates. They were strolling along, cigarettes hanging out of the corners of their mouths, and they made no attempt whatsoever to salute him. At that precise moment a sergeant-major of a Guards regiment came past, and instantly the officer ordered him to put the four men under arrest. The delight of the sergeant-major was unbounded.

IN all the seaside resorts of the country there are people who make a living by letting their rooms to visitors. They have to make enough money in three or four months to live for the rest of the year. What is going to happen to them if their houses are compulsorily filled with evacuees ? The answer is elementary. They are going to go bankrupt.

MISS MARLENE DIETRICH'S new film, *Destry Rides Again*, is grand fun. Seldom have so many pistol-shots been fired in the course of an evening, and seldom, if ever, has a "Western" film been so full of genuine wit. The deputy sheriff, for instance, describes himself as being like a postage stamp, "sticking to one thing till the end of the journey." Marlene herself takes part in the most superb rough-and-tumble that I have ever seen. Although James Stewart gives a good performance, Mr. Mischa Auer steals the male side of the picture.

AT last Mr. Christopher Morley, that most genial, most learned and most pro-British of all American Rhodes scholars, has achieved the success with a book which he has for long deserved. His *Kitty Foyle* is a best-seller in America from coast to coast, and the film rights have been already sold to R.K.O. for 50,000 dollars. It has just been published over here by Faber and Faber. I think it is too American in flavour to be a smash-hit in this country, but it is well worth reading.

ABOUT once a year some journalist or other "discovers" Mr. Austin Spare, the artist who lives in Walworth Road and is content to live on a couple of pounds a week. Mr. Lionel Hale is the latest discoverer, and he has brought back some remarkable statements about Mr. Spare's experiments in the art of camouflage. At the present moment it appears that Mr. Spare's researches are not going to be of much use to the nation. The War Office has not turned down his ideas for the very good reason that it has declined even to look at them. They won't even take the trouble to see if they are good ideas or not. It certainly is a strange war.

First Night Star and Author

Emlyn Williams went round to the Apollo after the first performance of his new play, "The Light of Heart," was photographed with Angela Baddeley, who shares the acting honours in it with Godfrey Tearle, he as an old actor, she as his daughter. Emlyn Williams is still playing the young Welsh miner-student in his "The Corn is Green," at the Piccadilly

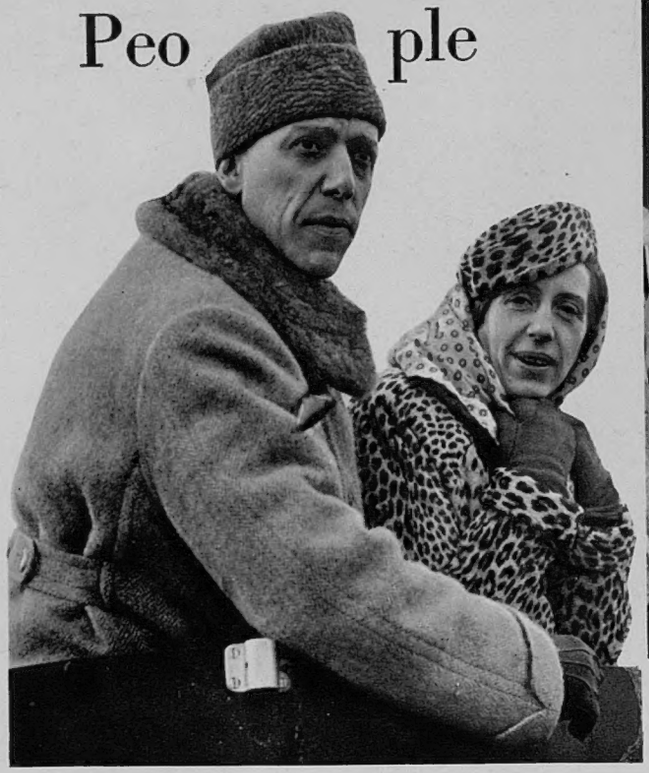
Ballet Dancers Pay Homage to Pavlova

Nina Verchinina, Mme. de Basil (Tamara Tchinarova), and Tamara Toumanova were at the Russian memorial service at the Syrian Orthodox Church, Redfern, to commemorate the ninth anniversary of the death of Anna Pavlova. Colonel de Basil and his whole Russian ballet company went to the service, which took place during their season at the Theatre Royal, Sydney. Toumanova went from America to rejoin the de Basil company for their Australian tour

First Night Audience

Constance Cummings and Robert Montgomery were stage and screen stars in the first night audience for "The Light of Heart." Robert Montgomery is over here to play Lord Peter Wimsey in the film of Dorothy Sayers' "Busman's Holiday," being made by M.-G.-M.

People



Sailors *for a day — a cold day, too — were M. and Mme. Tilea, the Rumanian Minister and his wife. Mme. Tilea named three new Rumanian torpedo-boats built in Britain, and she and her husband, fur-clad, went out on one of them, the Vitorul, on a trial trip*

Goodbye *was said by most of their friends to Senhor Dr. Regis de Oliveira, the retiring Brazilian Ambassador, and his wife, Dona Gina Regis de Oliveira, when they were presented with a farewell gift—diamond cuff-links for him, a diamond and ruby brooch for her*

Showgirl *to a notable shawl was Mrs. Clive Brook (right) in the Red Cross and St. John comforts department in Victoria Street. The shawl was knitted and crocheted by over fifty grandmothers of Wiltshire*

Chairman *of the ladies' committee of the Red Cross and St. John Fund gala matinée at the Palace Theatre on March 12 is Lady Louis Mountbatten (below). With her is Lord Iliffe, at the Committee's reception at the Carlton Hotel*

Bride and bridegroom *are actress Antoinette Cellier and film-actor Capt. Bruce Seton, Scottish Rifles, brother and heir-presumptive of Sir Alexander Hay Seton, Bt. They were married by declaration in Edinburgh the same day that he was granted his divorce from his first wife, Tamara Desni. With them here is Mrs. Seton's father, Frank Cellier, who is in the Hulbert show, "Under Your Hat"*

Visitor *to Rome is Viscountess Halifax, here leaving the station with the British Minister, Sir Noel Charles, the British Ambassador, Sir Percy Loraine. Her youngest son, the Hon. Richard Wood, went with her, will remain there as Attaché at the Embassy until he is called up. He is now nineteen. Lady Halifax and her son were received by the Pope a few days after their arrival*

Great-grandson *to the Duke of Bedford is the baby son of Lord and Lady Howland. His mother, holding him here, was Mrs. "Brownie" Hollway before her marriage last year. Lord Howland is the elder son of the Marquess of Tavistock, son of the Duke of Bedford*

Christened *at Bramham Park, Yorks., her mother's home, was Mary Selina Bridgeman, third daughter of Lieut.-Col. Viscount and Viscountess Bridgeman. Her mother (holding her here) was the Hon. Mary Lane-Fox, is the second daughter of Lord and Lady Bingley. Mary Selina's two sisters are Susan, aged five, and Anne, aged eight*

Young marrieds *having supper together were Mr. and Mrs. John Christian, whose wedding took place last October. He is Viscount Monsell's nephew, she was Bridget Smiley, is Mrs. Denton Carlisle's daughter*

W.R.N.S. Officer *is Mrs. Duncan Sandys, wife of the Member for Norwood, daughter of the First Lord of the Admiralty. Her husband is a second-lieutenant in the Royal Artillery (T.A.)*

Parents *of a son and heir are Mr. and Mrs. Derek Parker Bowles, here dancing at a London restaurant. Andrew Henry, their son, was born in December, recently christened. Mrs. Parker Bowles was Anne de Trafford before her 1939 marriage, is Sir Humphrey de Trafford's eldest daughter*

Trainer *and M.P.'s wife supping together were Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort and Lady Anne Hunloke. Her husband, Henry Hunloke, represents W. Derbyshire, is now a Yeomanry lieutenant*

Sanity Fare

By Douglas Reed

The Author of "Insanity Fair" Covers the War Fronts

Hot: *the New Zealand Expeditionary Force, with canvas and ropes and mallets and pegs, energetically turned their portion of the Egyptian desert into a busy, orderly camp. The screaming rattle of a pneumatic drill made the sandflies (if any) hop faster than usual. Expeditions to the Sphinx and Pyramids are popular in off-duty hours*

Convalescent: *the Duke of Westminster's Eaton Hall in Cheshire has been handed over to the War Office as a convalescent home for soldiers. Pictures, tapestries, armour, works of art have been stored away, but the panelled library is still lined with books. Over a hundred rooms have been turned into wards, and huts are being built in the garden to accommodate more men. Amenities for convalescents include golf course, tennis courts, cricket ground, and a polo ground for football*

Cold: *in a snowy wood near the front line a French reconnaissance patrol climbed into their winter camouflage of voluminous white overalls*

Those Ides

MARCH is almost on us and we soon shall know if Hitler, who, if he is mad, certainly has the madness of the March hare, means to break out again in March, 1940. His greatest coups—conscription, the Rhineland, Austria, Prague—were made in March. Something in the air of this month seems to set him off.

I am not optimistic enough to hope that he will launch that all-or-nothing attack against Britain. If he were to do this, we might find ourselves in the position of the lawn-tennis player, crouching at the net, whose opponent presents him with the longed-for lob to smash. If he does not do it, the onus of forcing a winning stroke falls on us, and this is immensely more difficult.

No. If he does anything, he will liberate Scandinavia, or Holland, or Rumania. There short-term glory, which dazzled Ludendorff, is to be had.

Critics on the Hearth

HERE at home the noise of argument about what *we* ought to do becomes deafening, but as I contribute to it, I do not complain. Retired field-marshals, retired generals, retired staff college officers, retired politicians, and military correspondents all express conflicting views, and we must hope that native instinct for self-preservation will lead us to the right trail amid this tumult of conflicting tally-ho's. Because it is still possible, though difficult, for us to lose this war; a big enough blunder would do the trick.

Captain Liddell Hart, whose military forecasts before the war began now prove to have been masterpieces of quiet incontrovertibility, seems to have foes in the circles called military. On the strength of those forecasts, his voice should be listened to with greater respect than any other to-day, when he speaks about this war. He stands steadfastly by his belief—which I, who do not know him, modestly share—that we could yet lose this war by attacking, because we have not the necessary superiority of strength over contemporary defensive weapons to give us prospect of victory.

I would say that almost the only way we could lose this war now is by attacking the West Wall. But this theory that the best form of attack, to-day, is defence, though unanswerable, seemingly infuriates some officers, particularly those whose subaltern days lie in the remote past. Their martial ardour boils over in protest against it.

Great Minds That Think Unlike

AS the month of madness is apt to affect others than Hitler, too, these voices crying "attack!" are sinister. And this brings me to the strange case of Mr. Hore-Belisha.

(*Concluded on page 280*)

Prince George Chavchavadze and his audience in the Great Hall

A Concert at Knole

Prince George Chavchavadze gave a concert last week in the wonderful setting of the Great Hall at Knole, Kent, home of Lord and Lady Sackville, and one of the most famous country houses of England. This was part of the series of twenty-five concerts which the Russian pianist is giving at historic houses in England and Scotland, all in aid of the Red Cross and local war charities. Castle Howard, in Yorkshire, Tredegar Park, in Monmouthshire, Gaywood Park, in Norfolk, are places at which he has already played. This series replaces the concert tour of European capitals for which Chavchavadze was booked when war began, and which this month would have taken him to Helsinki. Instead he is playing at the Wigmore Hall in March for the Finland Fund

After the concert the pianist was photographed with his hostess, Lady Sackville (right), Lord Sackville, and Marchioness Camden, who is president of the Kentish Red Cross

"People and Flowers"

An Exhibition at the British Art Centre at the Stafford Gallery

Portrait *of her husband, the late Humbert Wolfe, is exhibited by Mrs. Jessie Wolfe, and has interested the critics in her work. She only began painting fairly recently, has studied at the Slade*

Toast *was drunk by Mrs. Ala Story, organising secretary of the British Art Centre, and Mrs. Alexander Keiller, wife of the archæologist. Their glasses of sherry celebrated the club licence, which the Centre has been granted*

Onlookers *at the opening were Lady Strathcona and Mrs. Alan Colman. The "People and Flowers" exhibition shows some fine work by established artists, as well as interesting pictures by new painters*

Epstein *went in to see the exhibition and stayed for a cup of tea. He is one of the original artist members of the Centre, and was an exhibitor at the opening show last November ("Bystander," November 22nd). The Centre is a meeting place, club and library for artists, as well as a gallery for their work*

Exhibitor *in another room is Mrs. Pamela Johnstone, who is holding her first one-man show of twenty-three paintings at the British Art Centre, at the same time as the "People and Flowers" show. She is the second daughter of Sir Dykes Spicer, Bt.*

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

The Theatre : By Herbert Farjeon

"Jeannie" (Torch)

To the tiny Torch Theatre for what might be called a preview of *Jeannie*, which is soon to come to the West End, bringing with it Miss Barbara Mullen, the new young actress who has made a bigger hit in a night than any other new young actress since Miss Vivien Leigh. There can be no doubt that Miss Mullen has unusual charm. There can be no doubt that she has unusual sensitiveness and ability. But will she have an unusual future? I predict a year in the West End and then away to Hollywood, and when Hollywood has done with her, just one dam comedy after another, including a Barrie revival or two. But I predict it only because I hope my prediction will be taken as a warning and so be falsified. Miss Mullen, who comes from the Aran Isles, and is the daughter of the Man of Aran, was made for better things than Hollywood, better things than *What Every Woman Knows*, and better things, in fact, than *Jeannie*.

WHAT happened to Jeannie in Miss Aimée Stuart's comedy is an allegory of what may happen to Miss Mullen. For Jeannie began with a hard life in the kitchen of a small house in Scotland, which is very much how Miss Mullen must have begun. Then, when Jeannie's father died and left her £200, which sum may be taken to represent the praise of critics, she decided to blow it on seeing life in Vienna. There she fell in love with an Austrian Count — or shall we say a Hollywood magnate? — who, under the impression that she possessed a fortune, asked her to be his wife. But having helped her to spend all her money, that was the end of that. So back she came again to a less glittering life, settling down, after some uncertainties, with a comfortable but rather humdrum inventor of washing-up machines, which is what so many clever actresses have come to.

MISS MULLEN has a refreshing straightforwardness and simplicity. One cannot help fearing that this little comedy, if it proves a success, may start her on the wrong path, since it inclines to present straightforwardness and simplicity as qualities deliciously quaint. They are, of course, nothing of the kind. They are rare and Heaven-sent and invaluable, and one smile at them is a self-inflicted wound. So let us hope Miss Mullen will remember that she has her own peculiar mission to fulfil, her own peculiar dignity to maintain, that there are plenty of actresses who can look pretty in pretty clothes, but few who can look lovely in peasant costume; that Miss Gracie Fields should never have given up her shawl, that the way of a perm may not be the way of Paradise. And—all very well though it may be to talk!—that, if it comes to a pinch, a good small part is better in the eye of Heaven than a bad big one.

(Photographs of "Jeannie" appeared in last week's issue)

Gold-diggers in Vienna: the blonde (Tatiana Lieven) and the Count (Albert Lieven)

Sketches by Rouson

Dinner on the train, with careful Jeannie (Barbara Mullen) and widower Stanley Smith (Eric Portman)

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

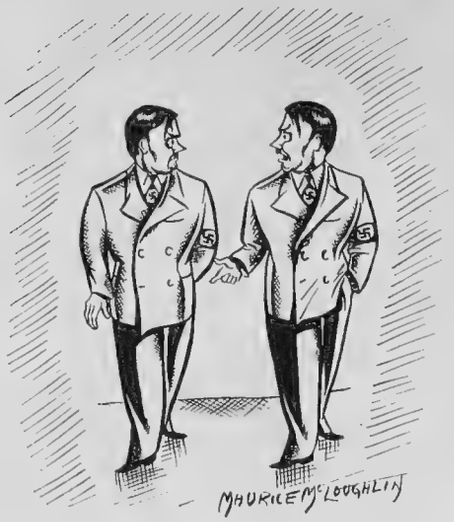
By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

A SCEPTICAL old hunk by nature, though possessing a big, warm heart, we sympathise so deeply with the present efforts of the Special Correspondent boys to produce news-stories from the Western Front that we flinch at practically nothing. Even those stories in which a wealthy British private soldier laughingly supplies Corps Mess with caviar and Imperial Tokay from his own stock, or lends his astonished Colonel a couple of Rollses, or gives away a few yachts and diamonds to village children, or buys Alsace-Lorraine for some poor old lady—even this type of phonus-bolonus doesn't worry us, because we realise genially that the boys are in a desperate state for "hard" news and have got to turn in something. Filled with these Pickwickian feelings we perused recently in the Press, and approved, a story so far transcending all others in marvelry and white magic that it might have come out of the Thousand and One Nights, or Hans Andersen. It involved an aged French village wineshop-keeper who was so ravished by the pipes and foursome reels of the Cameron Highlanders that she approached their Colonel after the performance and asked that she might be allowed to stand the pipers champagne. To anybody who knows the French (or, if it comes to that, any other) peasant it would come as no surprise at all to read that having uttered this request the old lady immediately exploded and turned into a flock of seven lovely white Byzantine swans, each with a dainty gold crown, each a princess in her own right; in fact we felt vaguely aggrieved that this normal sequel didn't end the story. This actually happened once at the New Year to a rich Norman farmer's wife we knew who gave the postman a *pourboire* of one franc and forgot to ask for change. The whole village stared spellbound as the swans flew away, arching graceful necks and honking. The *maire* later described the incident to us as "un complot clérical."

Maybe this magical atmosphere will spread before long to the Home Front. Maybe that W.R.N.S. sweetheart who hit a policeman recently was Schéhérazade refusing to tell another story to the Sultan Schahriar. It wouldn't surprise us. There are times when the entire Island Race looks to us like the enchanted rose-garden of Sa'adi by moonlight, its exquisite blushing pan calling to the nightingales and bulbuls, its natural mates.

Rap

LORD LEE OF FAREHAM having protested, very properly, against Auntie *Times's* use in a leading article of the word "diuturnity"—meaning "length of days"—Auntie went into a paroxysm of flafla next day, like a female don with dementia præcox, and referred Lord Lee to Sir Thomas Browne's *Hydriotaphia*, hoping with hysteric giggles that he would "gain the pleasure of acquaintance with one of the greatest masterpieces of English Prose." Which just shows, as the actress said to the bishop: the said *Hydriotaphia* being written in a sonorous Anglo-Latinate jargon which is about as



"All right, then—'unser Kampf!'"

English as the average *Daily Express* leader is American. Not to labour the point, Auntie's boy was just showing off, like any undergraduate bejewelling an essay with gems snitched from Skeat or Mallory, or like the peacock in *Chantecler*:

> Car ils sont moins cuprins, prasins, et smaragdins,
> Les ruggiéresques feux des citadins jardins . . .

—or like us at this very moment. How naïve! What childlike snobbery! Talk about a native of the African Bush swaggering about bedizened with necklaces of decanter-stoppers and the lids of empty condensed-milk tins! *Diuturnity!* We shall find Auntie talking before long of "propagating procerity" and "tutelary observators"! As Lord Lee suggested, if the aged haybag wished to parade her erudition, why not a few more esoteric words from the same page of the Oxford Dictionary?

However, it shows that the old trot has a vulgar, amiable human streak, in our mousy view. Despite those beady eyes, that awful whalebone and bombazine, those intimidating ringlets, that imperious aquiline beak, Auntie *Times* just wants to stagger the neighbours, like any suburban housewife with a new Sunday hat. Well, it only makes us love her more, the pudibond, thrasonic, pervicacious, discursory, euphuistic, amplitudinous, pragmaticocard, inclute, procacious, acerb, suifiduciate, metagrabolising, effrenated old cocqcigrue.

"And this is Miss Gloria Mundi, the film actress; she was wrecked with us"

Clash

ONE hundred years ago this very month the United States were waging war against the Indians of Florida, against whom (according to a congressman from Indiana) the Secretary for War wanted to employ bloodhounds. We found this bit of old news restful, romantic, and in a way agreeable. As we 've often pointed out to American friends, they 've had far too few wars as yet to worry

(Concluded on page 260)

More Fragments from France : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Yus, it 's honeysuckle, mate. 'Corse, I don't expect it to do much this year, but by the Blitzkrieg after next, it 'll be all over the dug-out"

Standing By . . .

(Continued from page 258)

them. Barring the Civil War and the later stages of the last Great War, every other clash they 've been involved in has been a push-over, more or less, whereas in Europe we 've been fighting like dogs practically continuously, with short intervals for recuperation, since the Stone Age. This makes us more resigned to trouble and less inclined, perhaps, to lecture. Not that the war against the Indians in the swamps and glades of Florida was a nursery game, we add. Those redskins were still well up to Fenimore Cooper standard in 1840, when the prevalence of long wavy hair and luxuriant whiskers among the American troops of the period (compare our own troops in the Crimea, peering at the enemy through a perfect thicket or maze of fuzz) doubtless made scalping at once a duty and a treat.

Apropos tomahawks and turbulence, in almost any American history of the War of Independence you will find that the reason the Cherokees and other leading redskin nations fought for us (and the Hessians) against the colonists is that the British propaganda service was particularly efficient at that period and we put it over the simple savage with the magic ease of a Goebbels. This universal and generous tribute seems to prove that in the 1780's the British must at intervals have been awake for some part of each day, at least; yet how many modern American thinkers ever admit this to be possible? Can't take it, huh?

Heritage

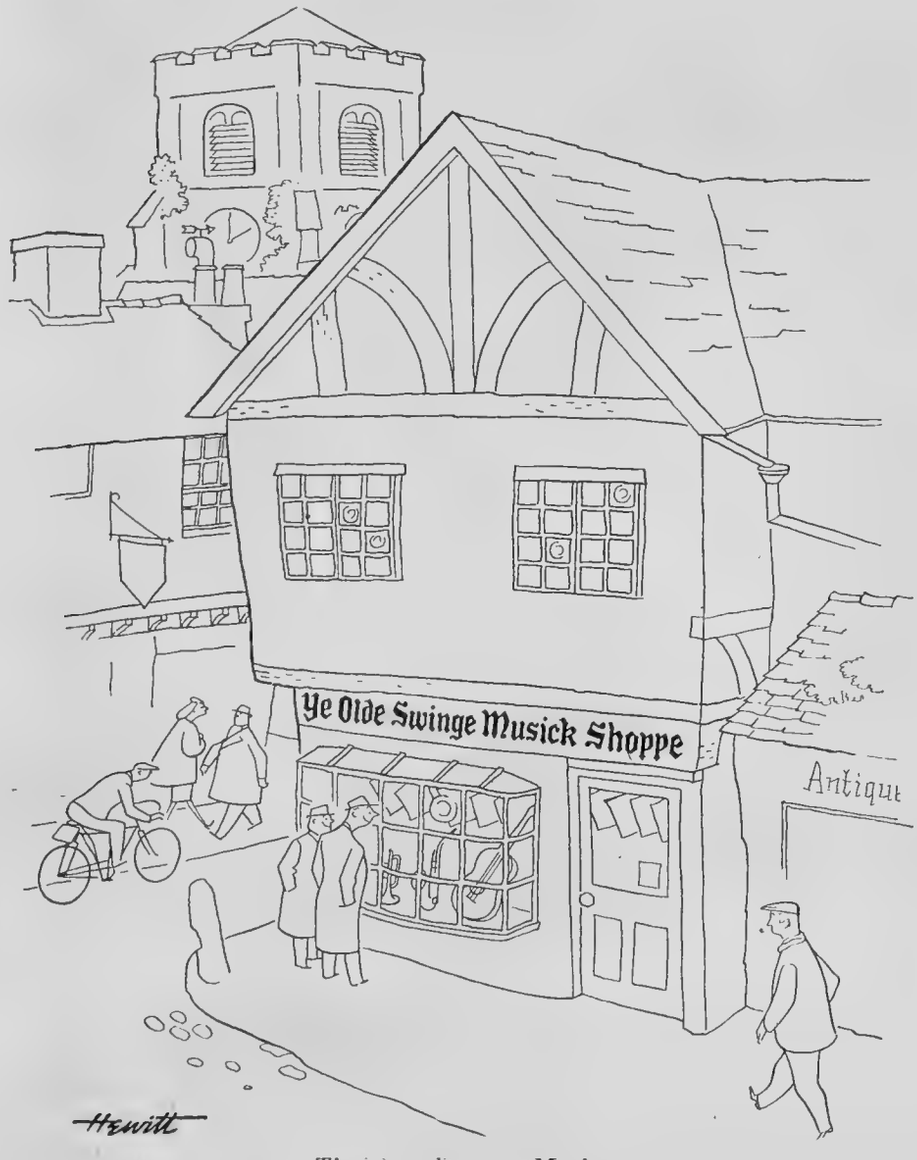
ALL things considered, it seemed rather —what 's the word? Ungracious? Crude? Inaffable?—of one of the Labour boys to suggest "investigating" the £5000-a-year Nelson pension, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer properly refused to subject the 82-year-old great-great-nephew of the hero of Trafalgar to this ordeal, which would have branded Mother Britannia in the world's eyes as a pretty lousy old skinflint. That (estimated) million pounds sterling a day which is going down the waste-pipe at present might occupy her attention much more profitably if economy is needed, we thought. When the Marlborough pension (£4000) was redeemed in the 'eighties the Nelson pension could surely have been dealt with as well, if Britannia really regrets her past enthusiasms? However, the incident attracted us chiefly because one or two other great historic names had been in the news recently. Lord Tennyson, for example, was offering for sale his grandfather's Isle of Wight estate, bought after the success of *Maud*, and the Duke of Marlborough was trying to get the War Office to give him a job—which must have brought a pale smile to the features of John Churchill, if he is in any condition to smile at the moment. No enterprising gossip-boy thought of discovering how Lord Byron, Vicar of Thrumpton, Derbyshire, and the Duke of Wellington, who lives in Hampshire, are faring, and neither peer would have thanked him very warmly for the publicity if he had, we guess. Yet no one is ever safe. Centenaries will fall, and sooner or later one of the pushing booksy boys is bound to rediscover Byron and start a boom in that great poet, who is still worshipped by the Greeks, quoted by the French, and forgotten, except for a vague memory of some family scandal or other, by the English. We shall never forget being haled once by a French enthusiast to St. Germain-en-Laye, where, outside the convent where Marie, granddaughter of Byron and Augusta, lived and died as Sister St. Hilaire, he removed his hat with a flourish and quoted at us slabs of *Childe Harold*, of which we do not know one word. Were we red!

Racket

A LEADING Hollywood film star who needs, and will get, no free publicity from us has knocked his fans for a row of glass Japanese dumb-bells by turning up at a "personal appearance" show in a dirty shirt, uncombed hair, a terrible necktie, and no vest. This subtle departure from what President Wilson called "normalcy" is perhaps not original—remember how Barrie drove the envious publicity boys crazy by practising hidey-hidey so skilfully?—but it never fails to ring the bell.

In some cases Nature herself provides the artist from birth with the requisite material for bewildering the populace, whether he wants publicity or not. Thus, for example, the passionate Browning, when his worshippers met him in the flesh, turned out to be a cheery, rosy, bustling gent and a great diner-out. Ravished by the noble, austerely spiritual cadences of Elgar, you met him and found—we did, at least—a typical retired cavalry colonel furiously addicted to the Turf. Verlaine looked like a satyr, Ravel looked like a dapper little man-about-town, Paul Claudel looks like a farmer, James Thurber looks like a sad student of divinity, the editor of *Punch* looks like Voltaire, A. G. Macdonell looks like the Apollo Belvedere's little brother Ponsonby, P. G. Wodehouse is the living image of the late Bishop of Seo de Urgel, joint Protector of Andorra, "Seamark," who wrote all those jolly thick-ear thrillers, might have been twin brother to Charles VII. of France, and so one might go on. In each case the fans take it on the chin when they see the creator of their dreams in flesh-and-blood. The shock is a hundred times more grievous for film-fans, poor dopes, when their hero turns up looking like the man who has called for the empties; but they soon get used to it, and the resultant publicity is colossal. Some of the French surréaliste boys learned this trick some time ago, or why do they go about looking like stockbrokers? Why does anybody, for that matter?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



Time marches on—Music

The Anzacs Again—a Classic Picture

Gravely attentive in the Egyptian sun, the new Anzacs listened to an address of welcome from the Dominions Secretary before they landed at Suez. Here Mr. Eden, who flew out to Cairo bearing special messages from the King, was speaking to the New Zealand Expeditionary Force. With the contingents of the Second A.I.F. they made up, it is said, one of the biggest forces ever to cross the sea (10,000 miles they came) in a single unit. With Mr. Eden to welcome this superb body of men were, among others, Sir Miles Lampson, British Ambassador in Egypt, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Archibald Wavell, G.O.C.-in-C., Middle East (in line with Mr. Eden), Major-Gen. C. B. Freyberg, V.C., Commanding the New Zealand Force. Major-General Freyberg began his reply to the Dominions Secretary with the traditional Maori greeting: "Haeremai." Note the fez-ed photographers, lower right

"Major Barbara": a new Shaw film is being made at Denham, and its producer and star aim at repeating their successes with "Pygmalion"

Gabriel Pascal, who produced "Pygmalion" (which Anthony Asquith directed), is producing and directing "Major Barbara." On his photograph of Shaw in the living-room of his house at Denham is written "Gabriel Pascal likes this picture. I don't" Photographs

***Wendy Hiller** was Eliza Doolittle in "Pygmalion," is acting the name-part in "Major Barbara"*

Major Barbara, the second Shaw play to be made into a film, went into production last month at Denham. Wendy Hiller is the young Salvation Army major, daughter of an armaments magnate, a part in which she may well make as great a success as she had in *Pygmalion*. (How would she be as the greatest Shaw heroine, Saint Joan?). Robert Morley and Sybil Thorndike, as the armaments maker and his wife, are also in the cast. Gabriel Pascal, the producer and director, is Hungarian-born, became a British citizen last year. The fine bronze hussar and the sword in the picture opposite are relics of the days when he was a Hussar officer. *Major Barbara* was given its fourth production on the London stage last December at the Westminster Theatre, when Catherine Lacey played the name-part

by Baron

Reading in Bed

What to read is not nearly so important, says "The Times," as how to read

The orthodox *method is to lie on the side, "keep one hand warm under the clothes, while the other does all the work, holding the book and turning the pages . . . . but, in case of emergency, with help from the nose, or even the tongue"*

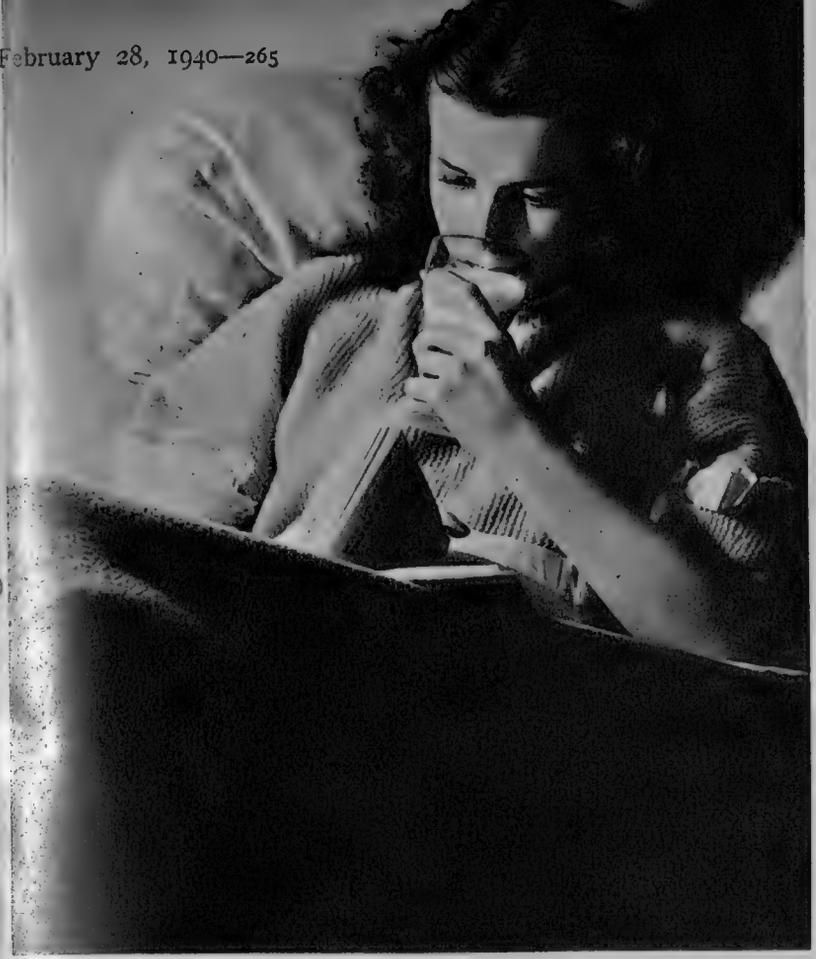
More advanced *is the book-rest method suggested by a "Times" correspondent (Gladys Burlton), the rest fitting with precise adjustment of concavity over the recumbent reader's waistline." This, as she says, makes light of the heaviest book*

Short-sighted readers *may lie on the stomach and prop the book on the pillow, drawing the bedclothes closely round the neck (as demonstrator did not). Disadvantages: position not comfortable for long; draught never completely eliminated*

"A balletomane reads in bed" *is the title suggested for this picture by the photographer. In order to keep warm reader wears long woollen combinations, puts his arms through holes in the blanket, places a brazier at his feet, with bellows to be worked by one foot, a fire extinguisher by the other. Note also morning milk having the chill taken off by balletomane's library, gas-mask hanging from rafter, tin helmet at the ready in case of air raids. The mechanism is easily constructed by means of pulleys, a few hooks, string, chain pulls, sliding coat-hangers, strong paper-clips, cardboard for book-rest*

Several weeks ago there appeared in *The Times* a third leader on reading in bed, shortly followed by a letter from a feminine devotee of the art, who described two of her own "night shifts in the technique of bedding with books." We suggested to Gordon Anthony that he should illustrate for our readers a few points in the article and the letter. This he has done with the help, as demonstrator, of Fleurette Rowland, an attractive show girl from the Windmill Theatre. In acknowledging our gratitude to the leader writer, we must take exception to one of his opinions. He says—in fact, he starts off by saying—that "during the present emergency those who never read in bed will take to reading in bed, and those who did read in bed will read all the more." This statement entirely disregards the present troubles of those who combine a love of reading in bed with a need for fresh air unhampered in its entry by light-sealing curtains. How many passionate readers in bed have not found that anything, even not reading, is better than struggling up out of warmth and drowsiness to undo the blackout, stumbling through the cold and darkness back to bed?

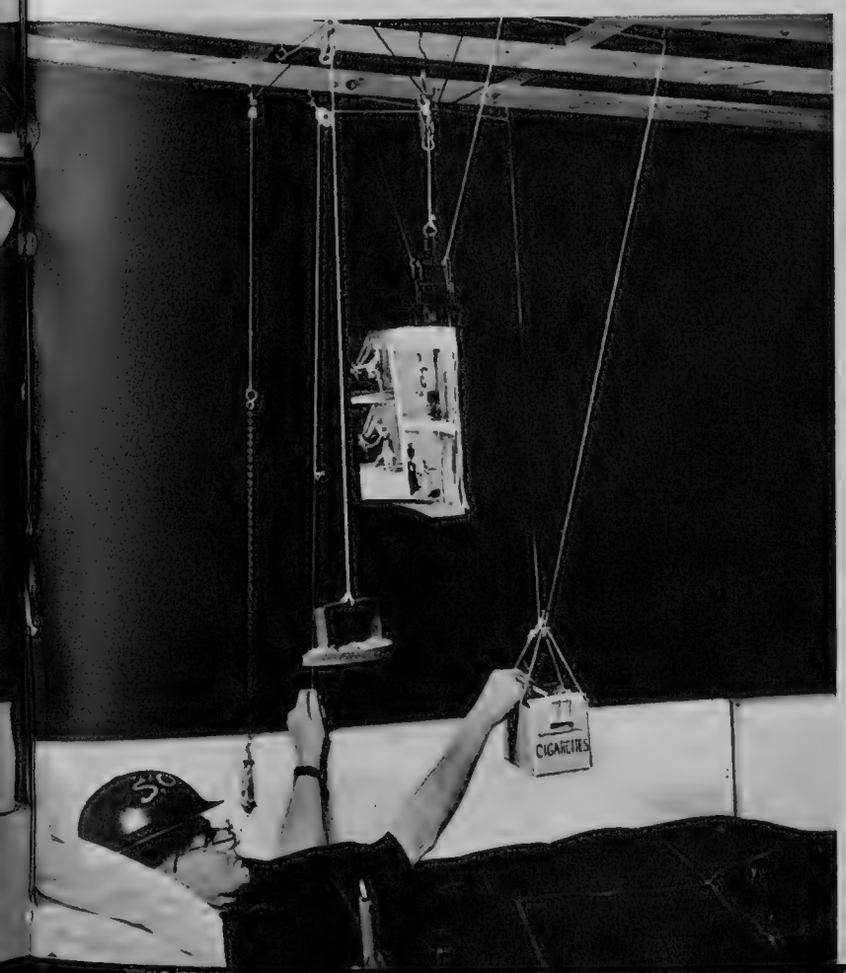
Photographs by Anthony



"Special measures" are a woolly or bed-jacket for readers who like to lie on their backs or prop themselves up. The "Times" correspondent offers another improvement here—i.e., wearing the jacket back to front. When the moment for sleep comes, she says "how pleasant to slip with scarcely a disturbing movement from the arms of your protecting garment into the arms of Morpheus"

***Making a head-rest** of one hand does away with some of the feeling of twisted eyes to which readers in bed are prone. Disadvantages are a crick in the neck, cold in both hands, and a draught, however well bedclothes are tucked round shoulders. Readers generally collapse quite quickly from this position into the snug, relaxed orthodoxy illustrated in the first picture*

***Tired** of his book, reader pulls a handle, up goes the book-rest and down come his cigarettes and matches. When ready to sleep, book and cigarettes are left suspended a few feet above stomach, the iron is lowered on to the candle to act as extinguisher. Note ballet shoe used as balletomane's candlestick*



***Reader's disgrace** is to fall asleep with the light on, and, crowning shame, a cigarette burning. Another danger for spectacle wearers is breaking the spectacles during a nightmare. But all this is a lesser punishment for those who read too long than to pass the moment of sleep and reach a desert of lost drowsiness*

Dancer: *a monumental figure against the tall gallery windows. Above her, a hand-wrought pewter chandelier*

Pagan: *a garden statue in green bronze in a corner of the gallery, below a round window of Spanish wrought-iron*

The "Bystander" visits

Dora Gordine

At Dorich House, Kingston Vale

Photographs by Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Dora Gordine's first big commission was as a painter, to decorate part of the British Pavilion in the Paris Exhibition, 1927. Working night and day, because payment was £1 per day, £1 per night, she made enough money to pay for casting the first bronzes she exhibited, at the Salon des Tuileries the same year. Her London exhibitions have been at the Leicester Galleries in 1928, 1933, 1938. She spent four years in the East, working on bronzes for Singapore Town Hall, travelling in China, Indo-China, Siam, Malaya, Dutch East Indies—a period which has greatly influenced her work. Three of her bronzes are in the Tate Gallery; her "Male Torso" was the first statue bought by the Colonial Office, is now at the Gold Coast University

Javanese lady: *a Gordine portrait hangs above a Chinese mahjong table of carved camphor wood, and a seventeenth-century Persian jar*

Dorich House, *Dora Gordine's home, was built in 1936, and entirely designed by her. Ground floor — servants' quarters, garage, secondary studio; first floor — main studio and sculpture gallery; top floor — dining-room, drawing-room, kitchen, bedrooms; roof—flat, with roofed loggia in the centre, and fine views over Richmond Park and Wimbledon Common. Named presumably after its owners*

Dora Gordine *sits in her drawing-room, which is connected with the dining-room by a moon-door. Above the settee is her picture of a Balinese dancer. She was born in Russia, is of Scottish descent. She lost her family in the Revolution, found herself alone in Paris, but had already discovered her talent by carving wood on her family's estate. In Paris she met Aristide Maillol, who was so struck with her work that he made her promise never to take lessons. Of her work in her last exhibition it was said: "Dora Gordine's portrait busts are too good as sculpture to be good portraits. Hers is the classic approach to sculpture: her hand dwells on the essential architecture of the skull, not on the accidents of modelling that, added together, make a likeness." In private life she is the Hon. Mrs. Richard Hare, married the Earl of Listowel's brother in 1936. He was formerly in the Foreign Office, more recently in the Ministry of Information, is his brother's heir-presumptive*

Five Engagements and a Bride

Lenare

Miss Diana Starkey

Diana Starkey is the only daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. J. H. Starkey, of the Grange, Radway, Warwickshire. She announced her engagement at the end of January to Peter McBean, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Atholl McBean, of San Francisco, California

Bassano

Miss Daphne Bonham-Carter

Daphne Bonham-Carter is engaged to Lieut. Peter Temple Williams, R.N., son of the late Erl Williams, and Mrs. G. A. C. Elkington, of Mamaku, Masterton, New Zealand. She is the second daughter of Major Bonham-Carter, of the Manor House, Buriton, Hants., and Mrs. Auriol Gaselee

Bassano

Miss Catherine Rankin

Catherine Rankin is the younger daughter of the Rt. Hon. Sir George Rankin, of 16, Morpeth Mansions, S.W.1. Her fiancé is Maurice Hilary Thornley Hodgson, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hodgson, of the Woodlands, Whitefield, Lancs. Her father is a Member of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council

Harlip

Miss Monica Drummond

Monica Drummond is being married at the end of next month to Bryan Silvester Grimston, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Grimston, of Greycoats, Haslemere, Surrey. He works at the Air Ministry. She is the younger daughter of Col. the Hon. Sir Maurice and Lady Drummond, of Hill Place, Farnham Common, Bucks. Her father is the Earl of Perth's brother, and Deputy Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police

Catherine Bell

Mrs. Montgomerie-Charrington

Marsyl Stokes, daughter of Mrs. Henry Drummond-Wolff, of 14, Eaton Square, S.W.1, and Oak Haven, Rhode Island, U.S.A., and Lieut. Robert V. C. Montgomerie-Charrington, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of the late Major V. Montgomerie-Charrington and Mrs. Montgomerie-Charrington of 14, Eaton Place, S.W.1, and Hudson House, Herts., were married in Cairo

Catherine Bell

Miss Elizabeth Ann Wood

Another January engagement was that of Elizabeth Ann Wood and Edward Addison Doughty, second son of Charles Doughty, K.C., of 32, Bryanston Court, W.1., and the late Mrs. Doughty. She is the only daughter of the late John Wood, and Mrs. Wood, of 7, Bryanston Court. Mr. Doughty, formerly Recorder of Canterbury, became Recorder of Brighton last year

Films of the Day

Garbo is Still Queen

By George Campbell

THE customer, so the cliché says, is always right. Then how do you account for the fact that when it comes to a fan ballot, Greta Garbo never figures in the first fifty—Garbo, whose prestige is still unchallenged, who is paid £60,000 a picture by Louis B. Mayer, never yet reckoned soft in the head? Myself, I can't account for it. I give up. I only know that *Ninotchka* proves that Garbo is still queen of the movies, and Lubitsch the prince of directors.

"NINOTCHKA"—set in Paris "in the wonderful days when a siren was a brunette and when, if a Frenchman turned out the light, it was not because of a raid"—is really superb. The night before I saw it, I went to the Globe to taste, after twenty years, the frothy delights of *The Importance of Being Earnest*. As one without prejudice in favour of films, whose heart, indeed, is largely in the theatre, I can express the opinion for what it is worth that *Ninotchka* is not inferior. In fact, I think it 's better. The wit is less affected, less aggressively epigrammatic. All Wilde's characters, like Shaw's, talk the same idiom, which is the author's. In *Ninotchka* the personages are properly differentiated: the wit arises, as wit should, from character and situation.

LUBITSCH, who made his name in the silent days when comedy had to be pictorial, has no superior in the use of dialogue. He once described to me how he works for months with his writers, blending word and action, polishing the lines, until he can take the floor with a script he believes perfect. Other directors have to revise and improvise—shooting off the cuff, they call it in the studio—until everything is chaos. "Good pictures," they tell you with a complacent laugh, "are not made, they 're re-made." Lubitsch goes through scene after scene and doesn't change a word.

The result, as in *Ninotchka*, is a humour easy, elegant and apparently spontaneous; the director has polished until the marks of chisel and adze have all been smoothed out. The plot holds together, the love-scenes are a delicious compound of sentiment and fun, and the satire on the Bolshevik régime is as good as anything the screen has ever given us—and I don't except René Clair's *A Nous la Liberté*.

GARBO is officially stated to be thirty-three, which would make her about seventeen when she was discovered by Mauritz Stiller soon after she graduated to a dress-shop from lathering beards for a barber. Well, that may be right. She still photographs without a flaw, and if she no longer has the shy young radiance of *The Temptress* and *The Torrent*, she has a beauty which I will not call either mature or ripe, for those are compliments only very tolerant women find endearing, but which has gained rather than lost in its power to dominate and enchant. There are plenty of prettier girls on the screen. You might scour the world for someone to play a queen and never find another with a beauty so serene and a bearing so instinctively regal.

ALL of which comes down to a suggestion that *Ninotchka* is pretty good, and you had better see it. It has been Garbo's fate, just as it has been the fate of most great stars of stage and screen, to appear in second-rate vehicles. *Ninotchka* is the first that gives scope for versatility and humour—a quality that her idiosyncrasies off the screen hardly led one to suspect; and she comes through the test triumphantly. A word must also be said for Melvyn Douglas, as finished an actor as the screen can show, and for Ina Claire, standing up to Garbo in a battle of subtle feminine insults with all the confidence of a Broadway favourite who can rely on acting the ordinary film star off the screen. But not, I would add, the Garbo.

THE other films are an odd lot. If you happen to be a thriller-addict, you may find *At the Villa Rose* just tolerable, for it is not at all badly acted, and with a few gaps stopped in the reasoning and a few pseudo-Gallicisms pruned from the script, it might have been good. But what can you make of a detective who is told that a maid has been chloroformed and tied up while her mistress was being strangled, and never bothers to ask her who attacked her?

Hollywood Cavalcade is worth seeing for glimpses of Buster Keaton in a small part, Chester Conklin and Ben Turpin in the tiniest bits, and Al Jolson singing a Jewish hymn with the shoulder-rocking technique of *Mammy*. And the reconstruction of the Keystone comic—the cops who always leap in the air before starting to run, the car that miraculously misses trams and chases pedestrians for their lives—what memories it calls up!

The Great Victor Herbert has a similarly nostalgic flavour, pleasantly tinkly tunes, and a talented, likeable new star, Mary Martin.

On Your Toes offers some bright lines and the lovely Zorina from Broadway.

Mamele, with Molly Picon as a little Cinderella mothering a good-for-nothing family, has some broad Jewish humour and the melancholy interest of portraying a Poland dying by fire and sword.

Point of View devotes its latest number to a lively, topical wrangle about the Government's policy towards the herring-fleet.

And the rest, ranging from farce to child-birth (neither in my line), must be silence.

***"Ninotchka,"** an envoy from Soviet Russia, is austerely blind to the charms and worldly pleasures of Paris until love, in the person of a French Count, opens her eyes. Greta Garbo in her first comedy role, Melvyn Douglas as the polished wrecker of her Communist integrity, the dialogue, and the witty, satirical direction of Ernst Lubitsch are all highly praised by our critic this week. At the Empire*

"Bystander" Short Story

Gus's Disordered Life

By Morley Callaghan

Illustration by Kiddel Monroe

HENRY ARMSTRONG soon found out what a big mistake he had made in taking over Gus Dorlan's apartment. It was a nice little apartment with one fine big white room and a small kitchen, a half block away from Grammercy Park. It was just what Henry wanted. He worked a lot at home. He was an accountant. He loved the figures he worked with. He had a passion for order, and he always wore a plain grey suit with a white shirt and black socks. At college his friends had called him "Deacon" Armstrong. He had met this hard, genial little Gus Dorland very casually at an oil company whose books he was working on, and Gus had asked him how he would like to take over the lease on the apartment for a few months while he, himself, went south.

But unfortunately no one in the world seemed to understand Gus was gone. Every evening some friend of Gus's came rapping on the door. Henry would be sitting at the desk with the light from the reading-lamp shining on the bald spot on the back of his head. Hearing the knock he would push his glasses high on his forehead and go to the door and there, gaping with surprise, would be some ugly-looking customer from the pool room on Fourteenth Street, saying, "Where 's Gus ? You don't know ? Say, what is this ? " They all looked a little disgusted when they saw Henry's round, studious, earnest face blocking the door of that apartment. A couple of shifty-eyed men who worked for a bookmaker came around once and before Henry had a chance to explain one of them said, "Say, buddy, what are you doing here ? " They seemed to want to push him out of the way. "Imagine Gus not letting us know," they said unhappily.

Another time a big blue-jowled man in a hard hat actually grabbed Henry by coat lapel. "Don't kid me, brother," he said. "Gus is around here," and he pushed his way into the room and looked around for himself.

It all seemed to be in the nature of unfinished business between Gus and a dozen bill collectors, a great many disappointed friends, and at least six hard-faced gentlemen who wanted to beat his ears off. It began to seem to Henry that he had taken over the man's life, not just the apartment. And what an untidy life it was ! Henry got so sick of dealing with these rag-tags of the departed Gus that he could hardly bear to answer the door. If he had really known the man, if he had been a friend it would have been different. But he was just a chance acquaintance.

It went on like this till the spring, and by this time he was pretty sure that Gus, wherever he was, had no intention of ever returning. Then one evening near midnight there was another rap at the door. "No, Gus isn't here," he was ready to shout.

But when he opened the door this time there was a girl in a brown coat with a fur collar and a brown hat with a veil down to the tip of her nose standing there. He knew she was a friend of Gus because she looked so surprised and disappointed when she saw him blocking the way.

"Gus isn't here," he said curtly.

"Gus isn't here ? "

"No, he isn't. And I don't know where he is," he said firmly. Every time he stood at the door like this he had the feeling that he had a broom in his hand.

"But I was sure he 'd be here to-night," she said. She looked so unbelieving and lost suddenly that he stepped aside to let her have a look around. He even turned on all the lights.

"There you are, miss," he said crisply, waiting for her to go. But she wasn't paying any attention to him. She was looking all around the place, at the book shelves, the etchings on the walls, the couch. She seemed to be asking herself if the place was just as she imagined it would be. "He 'll be here," she said. "I wrote him I was coming to-night, so of course he 'll be here. He 's late. That 's all. But, then, I 'm late too."

"Look, miss, you 're making a mistake, I think," Henry said. He was scowling at her. He hadn't even looked to see whether she was pretty or not. All he wanted to do was get her out of the place and get on with his work.

"Couldn't I wait ? " she asked.

"It 's no use, I tell you."

"But I 'm sure he 'll show up," she insisted.

Her face looked white and tired, and she seemed to be pleading with him. "Sit down and wait awhile if you want to," he said. "If you 'll feel any better seeing for yourself, it 's all right with me." So she sat down on the couch and he went over to his desk. But she wouldn't keep still. In a little while he heard her walking up and down, stopping, looking out of the window. He kept staring at the row of figures on his page under the light, growing more and more irritated to think that he had let a silly little girl who had fallen for Gus's big talk and careless laugh get right into the apartment and upset him. You could tell how excited and worried she was by the way her step was broken. Then he knew she was standing behind him looking at the back of his neck. It seemed then that all the other introductions he had had to the various aspects of Gus's unfinished business left behind were just a preparation for the arrival of this girl. Almost an hour passed and they hadn't said anything to each other.

"Don't you think you 'd better go home ? " he asked, turning finally.

"No. I live out of town," she said.

"Where do you live ? "

"Middletown. That 's where I met Gus. He used to come up there week-ends. Sort of passing through."

"Well, what are you going to do now ? " he said impatiently, for she seemed to want to talk. When he turned, her face had lit up with friendliness, as if she had been waiting, begging him with her eyes to help her.

"I don't know what I 'm going to do," she said. "I guess I 'll just have to keep on waiting."

"If you 're going to stay in the city for the night you 'll have to get a room or go to a hotel," he said, getting up resolutely. But even saying that didn't help, for she only nodded her head as if she expected him to look after her. "If I could get a room it would be cheaper, wouldn't it ? " she asked. "Where could I get a room ? "

Standing at the window he pointed up to the park. Up there at the corner to the right was a brown stone house. "You can get a room there," he said. Yet she still waited expectantly, as if she were lost in the city and he was a traffic officer. "Over there ? " she said.

"Look, I 'll take you over there," he said. It seemed to be the quickest way of getting rid of her. But as he put on his coat and wrapped his scarf around his neck, he reddened because she looked so pleased. "At last I 've found a friend and someone close to Gus," she seemed to be saying.

They went down the elevator and as soon as they got outside and he was wondering why he had ever let her into the apartment in the first place, she began to talk eagerly. She talked about the things Gus had said to her, how much she had liked him, the things they used to do in her home town. He didn't notice that her eagerness was a little desperate, as if she felt that the telling of so many facts about herself and Gus made it seem inevitable that Gus would show up. Walking along with his hands deep in his pockets all he noticed was that she seemed to think he was a dear friend of Gus. "Look, miss," he said, when they were opposite the brown stone house. "I don't know anything about Gus. I took over the apartment, not his life, you understand ? There 's the rooming house."

"You don't have to be a bear about it," she said indignantly.

"I 'm sorry," he said. "Well, there you are." He pointed to the steps.

"Should I just ring the bell ? " she asked. But she didn't leave him. She was looking at him, her face a little scared as if she had to cling to him because he was the only link she had not only with Gus, but the things she had hoped to find in the city. So he began to feel very uncomfortable. "It 's a simple matter," he said quickly, going up the steps with her. "Would you mind telling me how old you are ? "

"Nineteen."

"And your name, please."

"Alma, Alma Truex," she said.

He rang the bell, and a big fat woman about fifty, in a blue dressing-gown, came to the door. It was midnight now, and the woman looked as if she had been

(Continued on page 278)

Morning, Noon— and Night

For odd jobs about the house and garden, for cycling to the village or walking through woods with the dog, trousers are economical, as well as comfortable. They will have to resist uncertain weather during the next few months, but the Dunlop slacks on the right are shower-proofed and ready for anything. These Dunlop models, which are sold at good shops all over the country, are made in various colours and materials, including storm blue, nigger and green. The corduroys are excellent for serious gardening or land work, as they never seem to wear out

They call them " Separates " at Harrods, Knightsbridge, these tops and skirts shown in the photograph above. A grey mull jersey skirt (45/9), with stitched pleats that cannot become unpressed, is worn with a grey waistcoat-fronted top, for 39/6, its collar and sleeves made in either cherry, royal or gold. One skirt, three different tops, makes a practical wartime economy. Even at night the blouse and skirt theme is repeated, though then it is translated into something as ethereal and delicate as the model on the right. Harrods have this for 49/6 in white or pastel shades, the shirred chiffon held by Lastex yarn at the neck-line

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Swan Vestal of Avon

By V. S. Pritchett

THE life of Marie Corelli is a rewarding subject, but the most amusing thing in Mr. George Bullock's *Life* (Constable; 12*s*.) is the frontispiece. There, in her famous gondola, sits the squat, plump, and self-appointed female Swan of Avon in vestal white, with what might be a breviary in her hand; while an unhappy gondolier, also in white, but with a piratical red sash about his waist, poles her up the stream sacred to glamour and publicity. A Gibson girl "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful," indeed, far too wonderful, sitting for an illustration to the *Idylls of the King*! Very fittingly, the picture is called "The Dream."

The astonishing thing about Marie Corelli's works is less their fame than the praise she received from figures as experienced and cultivated as Gladstone, Tennyson, and Oscar Wilde. (Later, Wilde did recant, and say she ought to be in Reading Gaol, not because of her morals, but her prose.) Yet this is not so astonishing when one remembers how wrong the great have usually been about literature. To the reviewers, her "Turkey carpet style of writing," her grammar and her plots were a gift; and the Press made the most of her libel actions and the romance she concocted about her origins. The public were indifferent. The case of Marie Corelli illustrates how powerless the truth about a popular idol is to shake the idol on its pedestal.

Who was Marie Corelli? There was the famous Italian blood. There was the sob-story about her being found in a basket on Dr. Mackay's doorstep. But there now seems no doubt that she was the child of an unhappy intrigue which Dr. Mackay had with a lady whom he felt obliged to keep well in the background, even when he married her six years after Marie's birth. She was farmed out on a labourer's family in Marylebone. The loneliness and disgrace of her childhood must have played an important part in developing her luscious imagination. Mr. Bullock's view of her character is built on this theory that her inordinate ambition, which was social as well as literary, may be traced to the inferiority she felt. And her immense emotional needs were diverted from normal satisfaction by her hunger for gentility, and were engrossed by her unhappy and unsuccessful father and her not very pleasant half-brother, Eric Mackay. Scandal tried to make a Byron and Augusta story out of her attachment to Eric Mackay. Clearly it was innocent. Marie Corelli's gentility kept her in a glass case. Her only love-affair came in late middle-age, and that, with a grotesque pathos, was a one-sided passion for a man who thought she was a joke—though he did not hesitate to make use of her. Marie Corelli was equally unattractive to the male, though her flirtatious chatter is said to have been found very engaging by Edward VII. Her egotism, the violence with which she uttered petty opinions, her poses in the spotlight were too much. Nevertheless, there was a simplicity in this complex character and a real pathos in her life, and Mr. Bullock's account of her is very fair. He is handicapped by the dullness of her working years and by too great an attention to her books, about which he is nervous and not very discriminating; but he is very readable.

Peter Traill *Sasha*

Has a new novel out this month, "The Golden Oriole," which is reviewed in this page. He wrote a series of short stories, "The Wedding of the Jackal," which were published in the "Bystander" last year. Peter Traill (Guy Morton) is now working in the Censorship Department

"WAR BEGINS AT HOME," edited by Tom Harrisson and Charles Madge (Chatto and Windus; 9*s*. 6*d*.), is the Mass Observers' study of the British public's behaviour in the first four months of this war. This seems to me the best of the Neo-Pickwick Club's publications and, since the open and unconscious censorship of the Press and the radio has cut us off from one another, I strongly urge this book on the curious reader. Terse, alert, informative and unrespectable, the Mass Observers have collected a pile of information about how the public is really reacting to air raid wardens, political speeches, gas-masks, rationing, the black-out and major messes like the evacuation. The last is especially well treated, and there are interesting chapters on jazz songs, dancing and sport. The Mass Observers have still something to learn in the presentation of their material. (I recommend to them a glance at Wyndham Lewis's *Doom of Youth*, which was an excellent essay in tough, popular science.) Their main argument is that, as Captain Liddell Hart admitted in his last book, it is a delicate and expert task to maintain civilian morale in a defensive war. The present general state of public bewilderment is dangerous, and it is not entirely due to the major surprise of the war—i.e., the absence of air raids. The evacuation muddle, with its rival sets of atrocity stories, showed how completely out of touch the Government, and, indeed, the governing classes, were with the angry realities of the English class situation. After all, a good 70 per cent. of us are not "nice" people at all.

WHY on earth a contemporary novelist should write about Victorian county life as if he were a mixture of Jane Austen and Trollope, instead of himself, I do not understand; but *He and His*, by Reginald Carter (Cape; 10*s*. 6*d*.), is a suave, worldly and epigrammatic piece of ingenuity. Benevolent in its irony—for acidity belongs to a later age—the story describes the difficulties which a monumental village squire caused to his family by carrying the notions of a disturbing intellect into action. Mr. Wroth was a born Back Bench Tory, zealous and fussy for reform, but determined to be monarch of his reformations. He was always dying in the last ditch, but it was well in advance of the front line. Impulsively deciding that marriage was a lawyer's snare, he refused on the noblest grounds to marry the mother of his first child; and later on found that blackmail and the laws of inheritance could play the devil with generous and autocratic intentions. Mr. Reginald Carter palms off himself as the Victorian chronicler of this social Tristan da Cunha without mockery and with pleasant zeal. Heroines faint, coxcombs strut, proposals of marriage read like the prospectuses of philanthropical societies. Majors put their cards on the table. It reminds one of Sickert's paintings done from the Victorian magazines. If you are determined to recover the pleasures of writing about character for character's sake, a stable society is necessary. Obviously, to-day's will not do.

IF Barrie had written *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, the result would not indeed have been Mr. Peter Traill's *The Golden Oriole* (Methuen; 8*s*. 3*d*.), but there would have been some resemblances. Carol was a small, bird-like woman who, married to a war cripple and pestered by a "normal" lover, was, in fact, secretly and mystically bound to a man long dead who suicided during the war. Her husband knew something of the secret, for illness had made him observant; but to the other characters in this drama Carol's behaviour was mysterious and fey. Readers of this paper will know Mr. Traill's skill in making the dramatic strange.

Anita Leslie

Margery Lawrence

Helen Simpson

These Clever People . . .

1. Snapshots of Writers

Anita Leslie *(Anne Theodosia Moyra), only daughter of writer Shane Leslie, married Colonel Paul Rodzianko three years ago. They are staying with her parents in St. John's Wood until her husband leaves for Finland as a volunteer; he fought under Field-Marshal Mannerheim in the Finnish war against the Bolsheviks. Anita Leslie's first book, "Rodin, the Peasant Genius," was published in September and well received by the critics. As a debutante she studied dancing, and once appeared in cabaret at the Old Florida. Her father is heir to his father's Irish baronetcy, her mother was Marjorie Ide, daughter of a former U.S. Minister to Spain, her elder brother is in the Irish Guards*

Margery Lawrence *is a popular novelist with a large, lowbrow public who enjoy her vivid tales and always ask for more. A vivid personality, with green eyes, black hair, and a regiment of gypsy bracelets and barbaric jewellery, she goes about a great deal with her husband, Arthur Towle, the hotel magnate, whose second wife she is. Good speaker and good hostess, she mixes a very special salad for their lunch guests. Fascinated by things occult, she gave her last novel a psychic theme which roused some controversy. Her next, "Step Light, Lady," to be published later this year, will be quite different, and more romantic*

Jeffrey Dell and Jill Craigie, *his very pretty, brown-eyed wife, have a cottage in Rutland Street, off Montpelier Square, where they write plays to music—comedy to swing, and more serious themes to symphony concerts. He made his name with "Payment Deferred" (an early Charles Laughton), and has just finished a serious play, "Nine-Day Miracle." Together they wrote "The Judge," which was produced at Kew the night Hitler spoke before Munich—Hitler won. Alone she has written "Women at War," not yet put on. Jeffrey Dell's novel, "Nobody Ordered Wolves," which debunks the British film industry, is a current satiric success. Its author has worked on numerous scripts here and in Paris. He adores French films*

Helen Simpson's *"Maid No More" seems set to be a best-seller, like her "Saraband for Dead Lovers." But she is not going to write another book during the war, because she feels people should not be entertained. She spends most of the day at the Great Ormonde Street Hospital, of which her husband, Denis Browne, is Chief Surgeon. Her work is in the air-raids sector, where she will specialise in calming hysterical cases. Possesses a sense of humour; a daughter called after Clemence Dane; collections of antique jewellery and manuscript cookery books (the earliest 1485); a passion for the unilluminated corners of history*

Aimé François Tschiffely *posed with a bronze of R. B. Cunninghame Graham, whose literary executor he is and whose posthumous work he is about to publish. Tschiffely has had a grand life. Member of one of the oldest families in Switzerland, he began quietly as a schoolmaster in the New Forest, then played professional football, boxed in a booth at a fair, later went to Argentina, where he lived on the pampas and conceived his epic ride to New York. His new book, "This Way Southward," about another ride, was published last month. He and his wife, the Scots-French singer, "Violetta Marquesita," collect old furniture*

Norah Hoult, *whose "Four Women Grow Up" was published this month, is a highbrow realist in her work, and the gayest of good mixers to meet. With beautiful hands and typically Irish colouring, she seems primarily interested in feminine psychology. Norah Hoult came back from America when war was declared. She had lived there two years, and before that in Dublin for six, but she insists on her England "half"—her father was North Country—and definitely does not sympathise with those Irish who think themselves above the law. In the U.S.A. she found much sympathy for the Irish terrorists, who receive arms and money in enormous quantities from the Chicago-Irish*

Aimé François Tschiffely

Norah Hoult

Left: Jill Craigie and Jeffrey Dell

For Canadians

Work at the Canadian Red Cross Headquarters in Berkeley Square

Secretary *of the Canadian Red Cross in London is Mrs. Brian Meredith. Her husband is a well-known Canadian ski-er, and has written a book about his ski-trips in the Rockies and the Alps*

Waitress *is Jean Combe, daughter of Captain Christian and Lady Jane Combe, and aunt of Audrey Combe (see right). A recreation centre and canteen was opened at British Columbia House as soon as the first Canadian soldiers arrived, and is run by the Canadian Women's Club*

Letters home *bother some soldiers, and they like feminine help. These two had V.A.D. Florence Harvey and V.A.D. Jane McCaren to advise them*

Convener *of canteens is Mrs. G. C. Macleod. Cigarettes, aspirin and chewing gum are the goods in the cases behind her urn*

Lemonade *(2d. a glass) is the speciality of Blanche Henry, who is a cousin of the Speaker of the House of Commons. The Canadian Air Force helped with the refilling*

Matron *of the club is Mrs. Leonard Murray, photographed watching a lance-corporal defeating a corporal at draughts*

Washers-up *in the canteen are Miss Anne McMurtry, with the dishcloth, Mrs. R. S. Conn, swabbing out a tea-mug*

Canteen *is in charge of Mrs. A. M. P. Towers, here serving two of her cheerful customers*

Another waitress *is Audrey Combe, eighteen-year-old daughter of Lady Moira Combe, who came out last year. She was collecting the money for this Canadian tableful's order*

"Maple Leaf" *uniform is worn by members of the War Emergency Committee of the Canadian Women's Club, who are working for the Canadian Red Cross. These three are Mrs. Leonard Hancock, chairman of information and records department, the Marchioness of Donegall (who was Violet Gertrude Twining, of Halifax, Canada), convener of hostels, and Mrs. G. C. Macleod*

Hospital supplies *and comforts are in charge of Mrs. Thomas Cotton. Note her badge—the maple-leaf with Red Cross on it, and Canadian Women's Club initials below*

Comforts *are sorted and tied into neat bundles by Mrs. V. Golovet and Lady Grenfell. The latter's father served with the Canadian Expeditionary Force in the last war, was killed in action in 1916*

Workroom *helpers detailed to stack away knitted goods in a cupboard were Mrs. Sholto Cook and Mrs. M. G. Lillingston*

A hive of Canadian and British-Canadian activity is Columbia House in Berkeley Square. Here the Canadian Red Cross has its British headquarters, and here too is one of the many recreation centres which have been opened for the Canadian Active Service Force. Backbone of the voluntary staff is the Canadian Women's Club whose War Emergency Committee also has its headquarters in Berkeley Square. Canada has reason to be proud of its Red Cross whose Fund was opened early in November and passed the £1,000,000 mark two months later, i.e., in about a third of the time it took the Lord Mayor's Red Cross and St. John Fund to collect that sum. All efforts by Canadians resident in Britain on behalf of the Canadian soldiers have been inspired and led by the High Commissioner and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Massey, and the committees they have formed to co-ordinate the activities of their countrymen and their British friends

Second in command *of the workroom is Lady Dunn, here giving instructions to secretary G. Cherry. Lady Dunn is the wife of Sir James Dunn, Bt., who was born in Bathurst, New Brunswick*

Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Vivienne

Esmé de Joux

Is engaged to Captain J. C. Dent, eldest son of Sir Francis Dent, of 56, Curzon Street, W.1. She is the elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. J. S. N. de Joux, of Ballard Lodge, Alverstoke, Hants.

Vandyk

Una Salt

Is the eldest daughter of E. W. Salt, M.P. for Yardley, Birmingham, and Mrs. Salt, of Avon Hurst, Tiddington, Stratford-on-Avon. She is engaged to Brian Soole, Artists Rifles, son of the late W. E. Soole, and Mrs. Soole, of San Remo, Harpenden, Herts.

Bassano

Patricia Graham

Announced her engagement in January to Lieut. Michael R. F. Lemon, R.N., son of the late Vincent Lemon, and Mrs. E. Blake, of Alton Court, Ross-on-Wye. She is the only daughter of Mrs. E. V. Graham, of the Manor House, Woodmancote, Hants.

Chancellor

Pamela Pollock

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Pollock, of Castleknock Lodge, Co. Dublin. Her father is a Governor of the Bank of Ireland. Her fiancé is John Greves Paton, elder son of Dr. and Mrs. J. H. P. Paton, of Castlemount, St. Andrews, Fife

Douglas

Jennie Dewar

Is engaged to Sub-Lt. Anthony S. C. Sanderson, R.N., younger son of the late F. T. Sanderson, and Mrs. Sanderson, of Northmead, Farnham Common, Bucks. She is the twin daughter of the late A. H. Dewar, and Mrs. Dewar, of 24, De Vere Gdns., W.8

Pearl Freeman

Elizabeth Carter

Is the daughter of Major and Mrs. H. Carter, of Grove Fields, Frimley, Surrey (now at Lavender Cottage, Selsey). Her fiancé is Antony Greaves Tasker, son of the late Captain R. G. Tasker, and Mrs. Harold Raymond, of 90, Hamilton Terrace, N.W.8

Hay Wrightson

Pamela Dorman

Is engaged to Raymond Russell, younger son of Sir Lennox and Lady Russell, of Crooksbury Hurst, Farnham, Surrey. She is the daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. Edward Dorman, of Rampart House, Kinsale, County Cork

Bassano

Phyllis Ann Mosse

Is engaged to Captain R. A. R. Fanshawe, R.A., only son of Brigadier and Mrs. L. A. Fanshawe, of Morton's Field, Farnham, Surrey. She is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. H. T. Mosse, of Manor House, Paignton, Devon

Lenare

Patricia Marion Fletcher

Is engaged to Captain Edward Asa Thomas, R.A., only son of H. Asa Thomas, of Bineham, Chailey, Sussex, and Mrs. H. Asa Thomas, of Hove Manor, Hove. Her parents are Henry Keddey Fletcher, of Withdean House, Brighton, and Mrs. Olive Wreford

Lenare

Mary Higson

Is the daughter of Lieut.-Col. Frank Higson and Mrs. G. Higson, of Blue Cottage, Lexden Road, Colchester, Suffolk. She is engaged to David Pelham Papillon, son of the late Harold G. Papillon, of Lexham Manor, Colchester, and Mrs. Gerard Laurence

Lenare

Ella Isabella Bennett

Is engaged to Antony Alexander Part, son of Alexander F. Part and Mrs. Part, of 9, Ashburn Place, S.W.7. She is the adopted daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Andrae, of 34, Linden Gardens, W.2, was formerly with the Markova-Dolin Ballet

Bassano

Phyllis Tennyson

Is engaged to David John Arthur Jones, elder son of General and Mrs. Arthur Jones, of Greys Cottage, Kelvedon. She is the daughter of Major and Mrs. Charles Tennyson, of Writtle, Essex

Mrs. John Arkell *Fayer*

Helen Birgit Huitfeldt, younger daughter of Emil Huitfeldt, former Norwegian Minister to Denmark, and Mme. Huitfeldt, of Hollow Dene, Frensham, Surrey, was married at St. Mary's, Frensham, to John Heward Arkell, Queen's Westminsters, K.R.R.C., only son of the late Rev. H. H. Arkell, and Mrs. Arkell

Burden — Malfroy

Surgeon-Lt.-Comdr. Alexander James Burden, R.N., H.M.S. Ajax, son of the late A. M. Burden, and Mrs. Burden, of Kilkenny, Eire, and Margaret Ellen Malfroy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Malfroy, of Wellington, New Zealand, were married at St. Mary's Cathedral, Plymouth. Capt. Woodhouse, of H.M.S. Ajax (right), was a member of the guard of honour

Blagg — Fripp

Lieut.-Comdr. Raymond C. Blagg, R.N., and Venetia Sybil Fripp, third daughter of the late Sir Alfred Fripp, and Lady Fripp, of 19, Portland Place, W.1, were married at St. Peter's, Vere Street. He is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Francis E. Blagg, of Westmark, Petersfield, Hants.

Preston — Hedderwick

Capt. George Neil Preston, only son of Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Preston, of Maresfield, Sussex, and Thea Hedderwick, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Sholto Hedderwick, of Holtye, Cowden, Kent, were married at St. Saviour's, Walton Street

Fyler — Stratton

Capt. A. R. Fyler, Q.O. Royal West Kent Regiment (sec. K.A.R.), son of the late Admiral H. A. S. Fyler, and Mrs. Fyler, of 41, Godfrey Street, S.W.3, and Anthea Stratton, daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Stratton, of Nairobi, Kenya, were married in January at the Cathedral of the Highlands, Nairobi

Tailyour — Kennedy

Capt. William Gordon Tailyour, Q.O. Cameron Highlanders, younger son of the late Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. G. H. F. Tailyour, and Katharine Daphne Kennedy, younger daughter of Col. and Mrs. J. Crawford Kennedy, of Ash, Surrey, were married at St. Peter's, Ash

Simpson — Archer

Pilot Officer Frank W. H. Simpson, R.A.F., only son of the late Capt. F. W. H. Simpson, and the Hon. Mrs. Leonard Vestey, of 10, Abbey Lodge, Hanover Gate, N.W., and Irene Elizabeth Archer, twin daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Archer, of 6, Wellington Road, N.W.8, were married at St. John's, St. John's Wood

Cooper — Budd

Lieut. Richard John Cooper, R.N., and Edmée Budd, were married at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road. She is the daughter of Sir Cecil and Lady Budd, of Burley Hill, Ringwood, Hampshire, and 37, St. James's Place, S.W.1

Dodsworth — Davison

John Dodsworth, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Dodsworth, of Highfield, Bristol, and Mab Davison, eldest daughter of Baroness Cynthia Stutterheim, and granddaughter of the late Hon. Sir Gervase Beckett, Bt., were married at Chelsea Old Church

Motoring Commentary: By "Spare Wheel"

An Early Hero of the Car

One of the heroic figures of the early days of motoring has passed away in Selwyn Francis Edge, whose spare athletic frame and beetling eyebrows were objects of adoration for the small boy, alongside "W. G." and his beard, or Ranji, or other mighty men of the early 1900's. Edge really deserved his fame by his victory in the 1902 Gordon Bennett Race, the only time it was ever won by an Englishman; but he is always remembered now for his 24-hours' record at Brooklands.

In 1907 it certainly was startling to think that any man or car could do a mile a minute for twenty-four consecutive hours, and almost contemptuous odds were laid against Edge by people who knew something about cars. But, as Edge himself said, it was the car more than the man that deserved the plaudits. Edge was always a fit man, and a stayer; he had been the best "100-mile man" among the cyclists, and twenty-four hours was nothing to him. At the end of his record, Edge drove himself back home more or less as if nothing particular had happened, which was the proper spirit.

What made the feat catch the popular imagination was that Brooklands had only just been opened, that it had spectacularly proved the endurance at high speed of the motor-car at far beyond general belief, and that nobody had even thought of such a feat. For the first and last time the track was used at night and was lit up by about 350 hurricane lamps along the inner edge. Incidentally, it as near as no matter put a complete stopper on the track. The surrounding inhabitants did not mind the lights, but the noise was appalling, and a High Court injunction was served on Mr. Locke King. Brooklands had abjectly to apologise and to promise that never, never again would there be racing or record-making at night.

The Gordon Bennett Race as an achievement was in the very first class. Modern road-racing, with its 180-m.p.h. cars, makes terrific demands on human nerves and skill, and yet it is a question whether those old races were not at least as dangerous and nerve-racking, if you remember the crudity of the cars and their brakes, and steering and road-holding, and, above all, the appalling roads, with dust so thick that if you were passed by a rival you would, for the next dozen or more miles, only be able to tell which way the road turned by watching the tops of the trees or the telegraph posts.

This particular race was a struggle against odds from before the start. Since it ended in victory, I fancy it was the begetter of the well-known superstition or theory among racing men that for things to go wrong on the eve of the contest is a good omen, much better than for all to go sweetly in preparation—which seems invariably to mean that the little gods are bottling up their malice.

The course for the 1902 Gordon Bennett Race was from Paris to Innsbruck, and it was to start on June 26th. As has happened not infrequently since, the new Napier racer was late. Edge only got it from the factory on June 19th, and with the 12-m.p.h. speed-limit in force and no Brooklands, testing it was impossible until they could reach France. On the way to Folkestone the troubles began. Suddenly the wrong sort of noises came from under the bonnet. The cylinder-head had cracked, and water was pouring into the engine. A spare head was sent by train from the works, and on the way over the Channel, working all night, the head was changed.

Near Abbeville, on the road to Paris next morning, horrid noises came from the gear-box. The second-speed pinion had not been case-hardened, and had collapsed. They got to Paris on two gears, and spent that night taking down the gear-box and taking out and case-hardening the pinion. They got that finished just in time for the weighing-in next morning, and on the way found that the gear-lever would not stay in reverse, and they had to demonstrate that the car was fitted with reverse gear. Edge managed to dodge this, only to be told by Napier that, in reassembling the gear-box, a distance-piece had been left out. So they spent that night, the third in succession, at work dismantling and re-assembling that gear-box.

Nearly beat, they finished the job in time for the start of the race at 3 a.m. On the way to the start, the engine would do nothing but misfire. But once they were off it gave no more trouble, behaving perfectly to the finish. That was all right, but cars have other things besides engines. After 200 miles a tyre went flat—which meant, of course, changing the tube: no changeable wheels in those days—and the tyre-pump refused to work. That great sportsman, Count Zborowski, came upon them in distress and threw them his own pump.

Next morning, after the night's stop, all four tyres were flat, and the same thing again the following morning. Still, better then than on the road. The final trouble was that the brakes were failing, and they had the Arlberg Pass to tackle. Its descent was one long agony, expecting every minute to hear the frame crack. Actually, the road broke up every other car except the Napier, and they limped into Innsbruck the winners. But at the foot of the pass, the whole of the back of the car had vanished, with all their spares and tools, and to be sure of not breaking down on the final run-in they had to change two tyres with their bare hands. Stout work, surely.

***Maurice Chevalier** said a sad good-bye to an old friend when he gave up his ancient but favourite Renault in response to the French Minister for Armament's appeal for scrap metal*

Gus's Disordered Life

(Continued from page 270)

sleeping. The young lady wanted a room, Henry said. He didn't like the way the fat, sleepy-faced woman was looking at them. And he didn't like tramping up the stairs after Alma and the woman, either.

When they got in the room Alma began to look around as if every piece of furniture scared her: she looked as if she were suddenly wondering what kind of a life was going to begin for her in that room.

"You haven't got a bag or anything, miss. So you 'll have to pay me a week in advance," the woman said suspiciously.

"All right," Alma said. Then she was looking at Henry, waiting helplessly; then the woman was looking at him, too, so he put his hand quickly in his pocket.

But he hesitated, staring at the girl, suddenly outraged that he should find himself paying a week's room rent for some abandoned little girl that had belonged to Gus. He was staring at her white, pleading, ashamed face. And to the woman it must have seemed as if he was wondering whether the girl was worth it when maybe he had only planned for a room for the night. So the woman started to stare at Alma too.

"Of course, I keep a very respectable place here," the woman said crisply.

"I see," Alma said. "I see." Her eyes were wild, and her arms were stiff at her sides; she went to speak, and then her face reddened with humiliation, because they seemed to be joined together, watching her, both sure they knew what she was. "I don't like the room. I couldn't bear it," she whispered. "I wouldn't stay a night here. It would make me sick at my stomach."

"No, I don't think you 'd like it," Henry said, for he was ashamed.

As Alma hurried out, the woman gaped after her; then she smiled at Henry in triumph. "You 're a stupid woman," he said. He was hurrying down the stairs after Alma. But he didn't catch her till they were outside on the pavement.

"All right. What was the idea?" she asked, trying to hold back her fury.

"I was just thinking. . . ."

"I know what you were thinking. And you know Gus would have paid you back."

"Would he?" he snapped at her angrily. "You don't know Gus. Listen, please, wait a minute," he said. "I was just thinking you might get installed in there and then I 'd get back to my place and there 'd be Gus waiting."

He was lying, but he didn't know what to say to her to excuse himself for the disgust he had shown. "Well, we 'll see," she said. So they started to walk back to the apartment. Every step they took he became more aware of the way she was holding herself in. A sudden inexplicable shyness overwhelmed him. All night he had been trying to keep her where she belonged: in Gus's life, not his. Now he was conscious of her face when they passed under the street light, conscious of how furious and hurt she was, and conscious suddenly that it was a spring night, and there had been a shower, and the streets had a fresh-clean smell.

When they got to the apartment she blurted out. "There, I knew you were lying. Gus isn't here."

"Well, he might have been—if you were so sure he was coming back," he said lamely.

"Oh, you old maid," she said furiously.

"Eh, eh? Why, what do you mean?" he said. His round, earnest face looked as if it had been slapped. But he was really bewildered.

"Back there you looked as if you were scared you were going to be caught in a

room with me," she cried. "You and that old battle-axe. I know what you were thinking. You think I'm just a street tramp, don't you. You think I'm something Gus pulled out of an alley and wouldn't touch again with a ten-foot pole." She paused, trembling, looked excitedly at the door. "Oh, I wish Gus would come in now," she said. "If he'd only come in now you know the first thing I'd ask him? I'd ask him to punch you right on the nose."

"Well, just you listen," he shouted. "There's nothing I'd like better than to see that bright-eyed little mug coming in that door. I'd let him have it right on the teeth. I've been saving it up for him. You know what I've been around here? Just a garbage can for the refuse of that guy's sloppy life. But don't kid yourself. He won't be back. He'll never be back here. He owes too much money. He's run out on too many things. And you're just one of those things."

"It's—it's a lie," she whispered. She was shaking her head. But now she wasn't even trying to convince herself any more. She sat down weakly on the couch. Her face was raised to his, her lips were moving, but she was saying nothing, and for the first time he noticed how terribly tired she was, what anguish there had been in her all night, how she had been keeping herself going by talking eagerly and then trying to hate him. "I guess you're right," she said. "I'm just a tramp that Gus got hold of. I knew it all along. I didn't like the way you and that woman were looking at me. I wrote Gus. I didn't believe he'd be here. But I loaned him money. It wasn't really mine. My father runs a store. He told me to come here and get the money from Gus and not to come back till I got it."

She was looking up at him, her lips parted, her eyes wondering, then she started to cry. She threw herself down on the couch and sobbed.

"It's all right, it's all right," he said fussily. He felt strangely helpless. He wasn't used to having things like this happen to him. But he put his arm around her shoulder and tried comforting her. It seemed incredible to him that her eagerness, her longing for tenderness, her aching heart should have been offered to a man like Gus. Puzzled, hesitant, a little afraid to put his arm around her tight, he looked down at her head and the short hair on the back of her neck. Then he was suddenly filled with envy of Gus: he wondered how it was that such a man's life should be shot through with such splendid attachments, how he could pass on from one to the other, never surfeited, men wanting his comradeship, a girl like this giving herself to him, then seeking him again. Henry suddenly felt very lonely.

She was sitting up and trying to smile and dabbing at her eyes with her handkerchief. "I guess you think I'm crazy," she said. "Well, I'll be on my way now."

"No, wait a minute," he said anxiously.

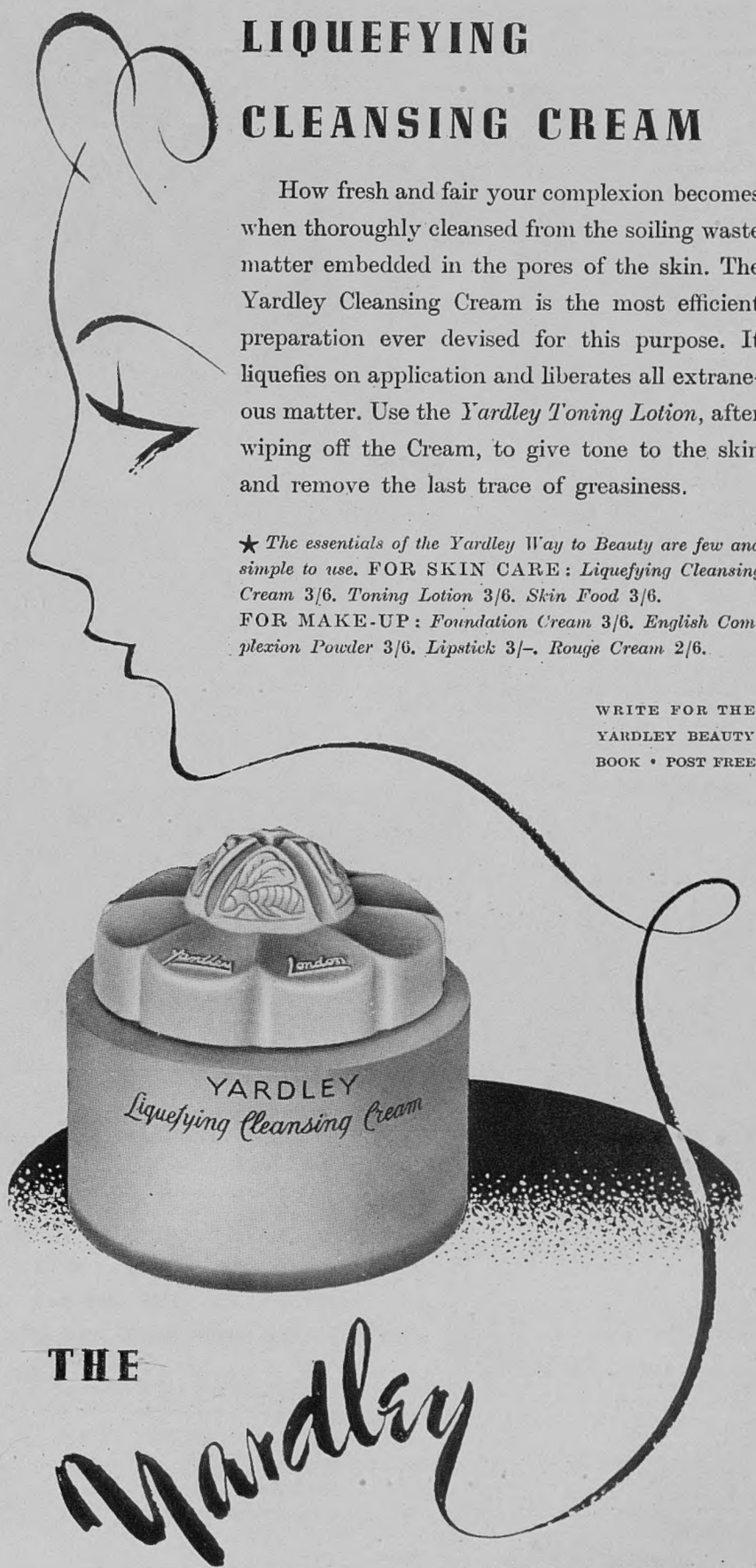
"Why? What do you mean?"

"I mean I'll make us a cup of coffee," he said quickly.

He looked so concerned and suddenly so eager, she hesitated, surprised. "All right," she said, sighing, then smiling. "Maybe I won't feel so tired then."

Hurrying to the kitchen he turned on the stove and got down the percolator from the shelf. As he dipped the spoon into the paper coffee-bag his hand shook and some coffee spilled on the floor. Staring at the shining coffee-pot he tried to understand why he was so excited; his heart was stirring as if the girl lying there in his room, a remnant of Gus's disordered life, was his chance to reach out to so many of the things he had missed in the last twenty years.

THE END.



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Sanity Fare

(Continued from page 254)

When he was War Minister, Captain Liddell Hart was widely regarded as the man who advised him. I don't know how true that was; it was the current gossip. But these two men differ very widely now, in their views about the prosecution of the war.

If madness goes by seasons, Mr. Hore-Belisha's proposal is March madness at its worst, madder than anything Hitler ever did in March. I said that our only way to *lose* this war now would be to attack the West Wall, but Mr. Hore-Belisha has discovered another and surer way. His proposal, which is tantamount to one for our national suicide, makes me rejoice that he is not War Minister.

Eastward Ho!

His proposal is that, because Russia is acting as Germany's catspaw, which is true, and because it is of major importance to us to prevent the over-running of Finland, which is also true, French and British armies should be sent to Finland, invade Russia, and destroy the Soviet régime. A blow struck at Leningrad, wrote our late War Minister, "might well leave Germany with a Soviet corpse on her hands."

I think it might leave her with some British and French corpses on her hands, and how would this coup help us, if it succeeded? Germany would remain, less corpse-like than ever. It would not impair Germany's military strength, though it would leave us weaker in respect of Germany. It would weaken our defensive strength in France probably to a point where the German Grand Offensive might look worth while. And I cannot see, from the map, how we could feed, equip, and munition great armies in Finland, still less in Russia, with the Germans jabbing at us, as they would, from the south.

***Author:** Sir Nevile Henderson is now at work on his book about his years in Berlin as Ambassador. He is giving the proceeds of sales in Great Britain and the Empire to the British War Refugees Fund, an organisation which he himself created, and of which he is treasurer. This drawing is by A. R. Thomson*

A disastrous proposal, it seems to me. It would put *Germany* in the position of the tennis-player who is presented with a lob at the net.

King's English

I should like to say a bashful word on behalf of the diminishing but still substantial British and Gentile minority in this country. In some of the B.B.C. broadcasts to Austria lately, "the British case" has been expounded, in an ear-rending imitation of an Austrian accent, by somebody whose voice and manner are calculated to do our cause more harm than good in Austria, and this speaker frequently uses the phrase "We English. . . ." Recently he announced that letters had been received from hearers suggesting that he was not an Englishman at all, but one of "the emigrants." To disprove this, he inserted in his talk a line in English which sounded to me like this: "I am a pure Englischmann, shpikking to you from London."

I think this is a bit thick.

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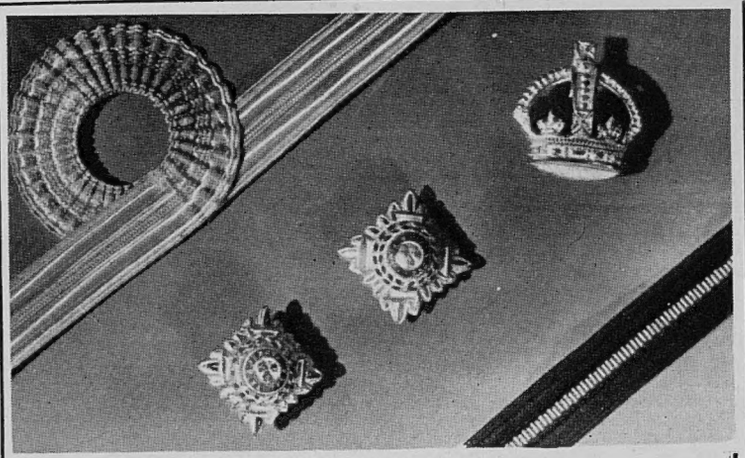

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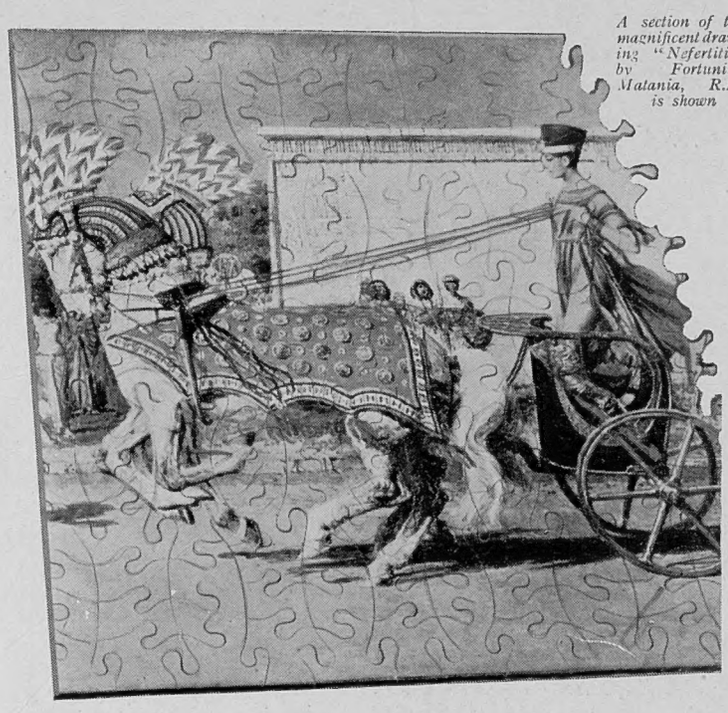

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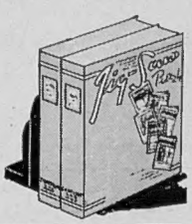

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